

M.^r Baddeley in the Character of Trinculo.



If thou be'st Stephano —

Published by T. Wrenman 180778.

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THE

11770.22
29

TEMPEST.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

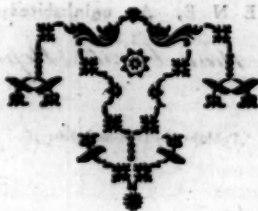
THEATRE ROYAL

IN

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

By SHAKESPEARE.

Shakspeare (w.) K



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WENMAN, No 144, FLEET-STREET; and Sold by all
other Booksellers in Town and Country.

M DCC LXXYIII.

Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO.

SEBASTIAN.

PROSPERO.

ANTONIO.

FERDINAND.

GONZALO.

FRANCISCO.

CALIBAN.



TRINCULO,

STEPHANO,

Boatwain.

MIRANDA.

ARIEL,

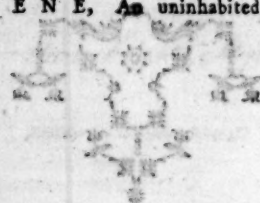
HYMEN,

CERES,

} Spirits,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

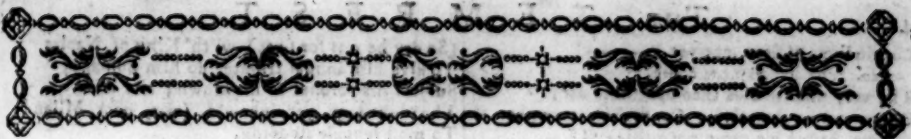
SCENE, An uninhabited Island.



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M DCC LXXIII.



T H E

T E M P E S T.

A C T I.

SCENE, *On a Ship at Sea.*

A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard, Shipmaster, and a Boatswain.

Mastr. BOATSWAIN—

Boatsf. Here, Master: what cheer?
Mastr. Good; speak to th' mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.
[Exit.]

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts: yare, yare, take in the top-sail: tend to the master's whistle; blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, and Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care: where's the Master! Play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the Master, Boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence—what care these rovers for the name of king? to cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None, that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace, o' the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long; and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts; out of our way, I say.
[Exit.]

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage; if he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.
[Exit.]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the topmast: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. A plague upon this howling?—
[A cry within.]

Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatsf. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreson, insolent, noise-maker; we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstaunched wench.

Boatsf. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[Exit.]

SCENE *changes to a Part of the Inhabited Island, near the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art (my dearest father) you have put the wild waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd, With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel (Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her) Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd! Had I been any god of pow'r, I should Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and The fraighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart, There's no harm done.

Mira. O woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee, (Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter) who Art ignorant of what thou art, wrought knowing Of whence I am; nor that I'm more, or better, Than Prospero, master of a full-poor cell, And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me; so!

[Lays down his mantle.]

Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd The real virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely order'd, that there's no soul lost, No, not so much perdition as an hair, Betide to any creature in the vessel Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: For thou must now know farther.
[Attend,]

Mira. You have often

Began to tell me what I am, but stopt, And left me to a bootless inquisition;

Concluding, "Stay, not yet."——

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time, before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;

And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women, once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: but how
is it

That this lives in thy mind? what seest thou else,
In the dark back-ward and abyssine of time?

If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years since, Miranda; twelve
years since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan, and thou his only heir,
A princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O, the Heav'ns!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help'd hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' th' teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antho-
nio——

I pray thee, mark me——(that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; (as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first;
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study:)
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger; being transported,
And wrapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle——
(Dost thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me, then.
He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact; like one,
Who having unto truth, by telling oft,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lye, he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke; from substitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing——
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates

(So dry he was for sway) with' King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the Heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then
If this might be a brother! [tell me

Mira. I should sin,

To think but nobly of my grandmother.

Pro. Now the condition:

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hears my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one midnight,
Fated to th' purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' th' dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembering how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little farther,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
Which now's upon's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to fight
To th' winds, whose pity, fighting back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim

Thou wast, that did preserve me: Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from Heav'n,
(When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have stead'd much. So, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, attend——

And hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time

THE TEMPEST

For vainest hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'n thank you for't! And now, I pray you, Sir,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason. For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience,
I find, my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence,
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know thou canst not chuse—

[Aside.

Miranda sleeps.

Come away, servant, come; I'm ready, now;
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail!
I come

To answer thy best pleasure: be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his qualities.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to a point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-spirit, would I flame distinctly;
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running, were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphureous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave, brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coyl
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son Ferdinand,
With hair up-starting (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cry'd, "Hell is empty,
"And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.
Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left coobling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o'th' fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the fill-vext Bermudas, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd,

Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I've left asleep; and for the rest o'th' fleet,
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreckt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o'th' day?

Ari. Past the mid-season.

Pro. At least two glasses, the time 'twixt sun
and now,

Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me
pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now! moody!
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out! no more.

Ari. I pry'thee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lyes, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumbings; thou didst pro-
To bate me a full year. *[mife*

Pro. Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou
forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak;
Ari. Sir, in Argier. *[tell me?]*

Pro. Oh, was she so! I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and forceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by th' sailors; thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy
groans

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape

The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'ring gently.

Pro. Do so: and, after two days,
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!

What shall I do? say, what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o'th' sea.
Be subject to no fight, but mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.—

[Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;

Awake—

Mira. The strangeness of your story out
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
I'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,

I do not love to look on—

Pro. But as 'tis,
We cannot miss him; he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—[Exit Miranda.]—What, ho;
slave! Caliban!

Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [Witbin.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee.

Come, thou tortoise! when—

Enter Ariel, like a Water Nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint Ariel,
Hark, in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

[Exit.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him-
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

[Self,

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All-exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'st me, and mad'st much of me; and
would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities of the isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits; barren place, and fer-
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms [tile.
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king; and here you fly me,
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have
us'd thee

(Filt' as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh, ho; ho, ho!—I would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave!

Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee, each
hour,

One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel, and be quick (thou wert best)
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly,
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts should tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.

I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,
It would controul my dam's god Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence! [Exeunt severally.

*Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel, invisible, playing and
singing.*

A R I E L ' s S O N G .

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curst'st when you have, and kiss,
The wild waves whist;
Foot it feathery here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

[Burden dispersedly.

Hark, hark, bough-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Bough-waugh.

Ari. Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere,
Cry, cock-a-doodle-do.

A Dance of Spirits.

Fer. Where should this music be! i'th' air, or
earth?

It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god o'th' island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have swallow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me, rather—but 'tis gone.

[Music plays.

No, it begins again.

A R I E L ' s S O N G .

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
These are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;
Hark! now I hear them; ding-dong, bell.

[Burden; ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns. [Music again.] I hear it now
above me. [Exit Ferd. and Ariel.]

SCENE, another Part of the Island.

Enter Ariel and Ferd. on one side; and Prospero and Miranda on the other.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say, what thou see'st yond.

Mira. What is't, a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But is't a spirit?

Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath
such senses

As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st
call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him

A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, *[Aside.*
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free
Within two days for this. *[Thee*

Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this island:
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! Heav'n's!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The king, my father, wreckt.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the duke of
And his brave son, being twin. *[Milan,*

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more brave daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't—At the first sight *[To Ari.*
They have chang'd eyes—
A word, good Sir;

I fear you've done yourself some wrong: a word—
Mira. Why speaks my father so urgently? this

Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more—
They're both in either's power: but this swift bu-
ness *[Aside.*

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—Sir, one word more; I charge
That thou attend me—thou dost here usurp *[Thee,*
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
If the ill spirit have so fair an house, *[Temple.*
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me—

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;

Sea-water shalt thou drink: thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charm'd from moving.

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
science

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father. *[Kneels.*

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? Hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban; foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
Might I but through my prison, once a day,
Behold this maid: all corners else o' th' earth,
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works: come on.
(Thou hast done well, fine Ariel:) follow me.
Hark what thou else shalt do me. *[To Ariel.*

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. *[Exeunt.*



A C T II.

SCENE, another Part of the Island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo and
Francisco.

Gon. **B**ESIEGE you, Sir, be merry: you have
cause

(So have we all) of joy! for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! For, coming thence, My son is lost.

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms, in lusty strokes,
To th' shore: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,

That would not bless our Europe with your daughter—
But rather lose her to an African; [ter,
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd other—
By all of us; and the fair soul herself, [wife,
Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have [son,
More widows in them, of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o'th' loss.

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Alon. Still let me hope. Good Francisco, look
Out again, scout round the rocks, and bring my
Heart some comfort with my son. [Exit Francis.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord,
And were a king on't, what would I do?
I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more—Thou dost talk
Nothing to me—Let us sit down upon
This bank, and rest our sorrows.

Gon. I will, my lord; for I am very heavy.

[They lie down upon the bank.

Seb. Please you, Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:

It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,

It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy—

[All sleep but Seb. and Ant.

[Soft music is played.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o'th' climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble:

They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian—O, what might—no more.

And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: th' occasion speaks thee,
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou'lt st thy fortune sleep?

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on;

The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaims
A matter from thee, and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:

Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me

Who's the next heir of Naples!

Seb. What mean you?

Ant. Say, this were death

That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps.

O, that you bore

The mind that I do; what a sleep was this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:

And, look, how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that?

Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and Milan,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest!

Here lies your brother—

No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say bests the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,

Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And, when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lye,

Open-y'd conspiracy

His time doth take;

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumbers, and beware:

Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the king!

[They awake.

Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake! why are you
Wherefore this ghastly looking? [drawn?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,
Like bulls or rather lions; did't not wake you?

It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake: sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Con. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn; there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make far-
For my poor son. [ther search]

Con. Heav'n's keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, i'th' island.

Alon. Lead away. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to another Part of the Island.

*Enter Caliban, with a burden of Wood; a noise of
Thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prospero fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark,
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me.
Sometimes like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i'th' wind: yon same black cloud, yon
huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed
his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I
know not where to hide my head: yon same cloud
cannot chuse but fall by painfulness—What have we
here, a man or a fish? dead or alive? a fish; he
smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell.
A kind of, not of the newest, Poor John: a strange
fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and
had but this fish painted, not an holiday-fool there,
but would give a piece of silver. There would this
monster make a man; any strange beast there makes
a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a
lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead
Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms!
warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion,
hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander,
that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. Alas!
the storm is come again! My best way is to creep
under his gaberdine: there is no other shelter, here-
about: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-
fellows: I will here shrowd, till the dregs of the storm
be past.

Enter Stephano, Singing.

Step. I shall no more to sea, to sea; here shall I
die ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral;
well, here's my comfort. [Drinks; then sings.]

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,*

*Lord Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Maugery,
But none of us call'd for Kate;*

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, go bang;

She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a taylor might scratch her where'er she did it.

Then to sea, boys, and let her go bang.

This is a scurvy tune, too; but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Step. What's the matter? have we devils here?
do you put tricks upon's with savages, and men of
Inde! ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid
now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As
proper a man as ever went upon four legs cannot
make him give ground; and it shall be said so again,
while Stephano breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Step. This is some monster of the isle, with four
legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where
the devil should he learn our language? I will give
him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can re-
cover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples
with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever
trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my
wood home faster.

Step. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after
the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never
drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit;
if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will
not take too much for him: he shall pay for him,
that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now Prospero
works upon thee.

Step. Come on your ways; open your mouth;
here is that which will give language to you, cat;
open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I
can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell
who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but
he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!

Step. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate
monster! his forward voice now is to speak well of
his friend; his backward voice is to spatter foul
speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my
bottle will recover him, I will help his ague; come;
Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano—

Step. Dost thy other mouth call me? mercy!
mercy! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave
him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! if thou beest Stephano, touch
me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo; be not
afraid, thy good friend Trinculo.

Step. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth, I'll
pull thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's
legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, in-
deed: how cam'st thou to the siege of this moon-
calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke:
and art thou living, Stephano? O, Stephano, two
Neapolitans scap'd!

Step. Pr'ythee do not turn me about, my sto-
mach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, as if they be not sprites;
that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor; I will
kneel to him.

Step. How didst thou scape? how cam'st thou
hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hi-
ther: I escap'd upon a butt of sack which the sail-
ors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made
of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since
I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Step. Here: swear, then, how escap'st thou?

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Step. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Step. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Step. Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Step. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon, with new contents: swear.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th' isle, and I will kiss thy foot, I prythee be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve;

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmazet: I'll bring thee

To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young fhamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Step. I prythee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear a bottle; fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

Cal. [Sings drunkenly.] Farewel, master; farewel, farewel.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing at requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,

Ban' Ban', Cacalyban,

Has a new master; get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Step. O, brave monster, lead the way.

[Exeunt.]

A C T III.

SCENE, before Prospero's Cell.

Ferdinand discover'd, bearing a Log.

Fer. THERE be some sports are painful, but their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be

As heavy to me, as 'tis odious; but

The mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasure: O, she is

Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such base- Had ne'er like executor; I forget; [ness] But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour, Most busylefs when I do it.

Enter Miranda.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you, Work not so hard; I would the lightning had Burnt up those logs that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile: Pray, set it down, and rest you; when this burns, 'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O, most dear mistress, The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that; I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature, I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me, As well as it does you; and I should do it With much more ease; for my good will is to it, And yours it is against. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,

When you are by at night. I do beseech you, (Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers) What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father!

I've broke your heart to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth What's dearest to the world! full many a lady I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time

Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues

Have I lik'd several women, never any

With so full soul, but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,

And put it to the foil. But you, O you,

So perfect, and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,

Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen

More that I may call men, than you, good friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad,

I'm skill-les of; but, by my modesty,

(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish

Any companion in the world, but you;

Nor can imagination form a shape,

Besides yourself, to like of.

Fer. I am, in my condition,

A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;

(I would, not so!) and would no more endure

This wooden slavery, than I would suffer

The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak;

The very instant that I saw you, did

My heart fly to your service, there resides

To make me slave to it, and for your sake,

Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,

If I speak true; if hollowly, invert

What best is bodied to me, to mischief! I,

Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,

To weep at what I'm glad of.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

What I desire to give; and much less take

What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,

The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.

I am your wife, if you will marry me;

If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow,

You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,

Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,

And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband, then?

Fer. Aye, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now,
Till half an hour hence. [farewel,

Fer. A thousand, thousand. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to another Part of the Island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

Step. Tell not me; when the butt is out we
will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear
up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster; the folly of this island!
they say there's but five upon this isle; we are
three of them; if the other two be brain'd like
us, the state totters.

Step. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee;
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a
brave monster, indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Step. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty
leagues, off and on; by this light, thou shalt be
my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no
standard.

Step. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lye like dogs,
and yet say nothing neither.

Step. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou
be't a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy
shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lyest, most ignorant monster; I am
in case to jostle a constable; why, thou debosh'd
fish, thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath
drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a
monstrous lye, being but half a fish, and half a
monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him,
my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! That a monster should
be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Step. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in thy head;
if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor
monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be
pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to
thee?

Step. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it; I will
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a ty-

rant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated
me of the island.

Ari. Thou lyest.

Cal. Thou lyest, thou jesting monkey, thou!

I would my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lye.

Step. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in a
tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Step. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;

From me he got it. If thy greatness will

Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st,

But this thing dares not—)

Step. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Step. How now shall this be compass'd? canst
thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou lyest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this! thou scurvy patch!

—I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take this bottle from him; when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Step. Trinculo, run no farther danger: inter-
rupt the monster one word farther, and, by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a
rock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go
farther off.

Step. Didst thou not say he ly'd?

Ari. Thou lyest.

Step. Do I so? take you that. [Beats him.
As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lye; out o' your
wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! This
can sack and drinking do.—A murrain, you monster,
and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee,
stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Step. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I'th' afternoon, to sleep; there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them,) which
when he has an house he'll deck withal,
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasses Sycorax,
As greatness does the least.

Step. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Aye, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Step. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen, save our graces; and
Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou
like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Step. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee:
but while thou liv'st keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Step. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Step. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason: come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Sings.]

*Flout 'em, and shout 'em: and shout 'em, and
flout 'em; 't'bout is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.]

Step. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the
picture of nobody.

Step. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in the
likeness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive my sins!

Step. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee.
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Step. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and
hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, will open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; then, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Step. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Step. That shall be, by-and-by: I remember the
story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it,
and after do our work.

Step. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I
could see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to another Part of the Island,

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Fran-
cisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no farther, Sir,
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your pa-
I needs must rest me.

[tience,

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
E'en here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;

For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange Music.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,

Gon. Marvellous sweet music! [hark]

Gon. Give us kind keepers, Heaven! what were
these?

[A dance of fantastic spirits.]

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia,
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lye,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island)
Who, tho' they are of monst'rous shape, yet, not,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many; nay, almost any.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

[Thunder.]

Two Devils rise out of the Stage, with a Table de-
corated.

Seb. No matter, since

They've left their viands behind; for we have sto-
Will't please you taste of what is here? [march.]

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

[The Devils vanish with the Table.]

[Thunder and Lightning.]

Enter Ariel.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
The never-furthest sea
Hath caused to belch up: and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.

[Alonso, &c. draw their swords.]

Ye fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs,
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child; for which foul deed,
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from,
(Which here in this most desolate isle else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
And a clear-life ensuing.

[Exit Ariel.]

Gon. I th' name of something holy, Sir, why
In this strange stare?

[stand you]

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,

That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bafis my trespafs.
Therefore, my fon i'th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll feek him deeper than e'er plummet founded,
And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy fecond.

Con. All three of them are desperate; their great
guilt,

Like poiſon giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gin to bite the ſpirits. I do beſeech you,
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly;
And hinder them from what this extaſy
May now provoke them to. [Exit.

A C T IV.

SCENE, Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. IF I have too auſterly puniſh'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life;
Or that for which I live: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt. Here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find, ſhe will out-strip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Againſt an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquiſition,
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
If thou doſt break her virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may,
With ſull and holy rite, be miniſter'd,
No ſweet aſperſions ſhall the heav'n's-let fall,
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord, ſhall beſtrew
The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
That you ſhall hate it both: theſe afore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now, the murkiſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrongest ſuggeſtion,
Our worſer genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think or Phœbus' ſteeds are founde'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my induſtrious ſervant, Ariel—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice

Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place;
Incite them to quick motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple,
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink,

Ariel ſings.

A I R.

Before you can ſay, Come, and go;
And breathe twice, and cry, So, ſo;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow,
Do you love me, maſter? no.

Pro. Why, that's my delicate Ariel; do not approach

Till thou doſt hear me call.

[Exit Ariel.

—Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongest oaths are ſtraw
To the fire i'th' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe good night your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin ſnow upon my heart,
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.

No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent.

[To Ferdinand.

[Soft muſic.

MASQUE. Enter Juno.

RECITATIVE.

Hither, Hymen, ſpeed your way,
Celebrate this happy day;
Hither, Ceres, haſte away,
Celebrate this happy day:
With bliſſefome look, and jocund mien,
Come, and tread this ſhort graſs green;
Leave behind your grief and care,
Come, and bleſs this happy pair.

Enter Hymen and Ceres.

Hym. Honour, riches, marriage, bleſſing,
Long continuance and increaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon ye,
Hymen ſings his bleſſings on ye.

Cer. Earth's increaſe, and ſoyſon plenty,
Barns and garner's never empty;
Vines in cluſt'ring bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burdens bowing.

Both. Honour, riches, marriage, bleſſing,
Long continuance and increaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon ye,
Hymen ſings his bleſſings on ye.

DUET.

Cer. Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun ye,
Ceres ſings her bleſſings on ye.
Hym. Hourly joys be ſtill upon ye,
Hymen ſings his bleſſings on ye.

RECITATIVE.

You ſun-burn'd ſickle men, of Auguſt weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry.

DUET.

Hymen and Ceres.

Away, away, make holiday,
Your rye-ſtraw hats put on;
Bring each his laſt, and beat the graſs;
Let toil and care be gone.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards
the end whereof, Prospero ſtarts ſuddenly, and
ſpeaks.

Pro. Break off, break off,
I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the baſt Caliban, and his confederates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come. Well done, avoid; no more.

[Exit Dancers, &c.

Fer. This is moſt ſtrange; your father's in ſome
That works him ſtrongly. [paſſion,

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.

Pro. You look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,

C

As if you were dismay'd. Be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind!—Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled;
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

[Exit Ferdin. and Miranda.]

Pro. Come, with a thought—I thank you—
Ariel—come.

Prospero comes forward; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy plea?

Pro. Spirit,

[sure:]

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Left I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these var-
lets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with
drinking;

So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, prickling goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left them
Ith' filthy mantled pool, beyond your cell.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still;
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For state to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[Exit.]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And, as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

[Prospero remains invisible.]

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Step. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harm-
less fairy, has done little better than played the Jack
with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which
my nose is in great indignation.

Step. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? if I
should take a displeasure against you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still;
Be patient; for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak
All's hush at midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Step. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wettings: yet

this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Step. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: seest thou here,
This is the mouth o'th cell; no noise, and enter;
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever; and I, thy Caliban,
For a thy foot-licker,

Step. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have
bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster; we know what belongs
to a frippery—O, King Stephano!

Step. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you
mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Step. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is
not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the
line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair,
and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, an't
like your grace.

Step. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment
for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king
of this country: steal by line and level, is an ex-
cellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your
fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to bargacles, or apes,
With foreheads villainous low.

Step. Monster, lay to your fingers: help to bear
this away where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll
turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Step. Ay, and this.

[Thunder.]

*Enter divers Spirits; Prospero and Ariel setting
them on. Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, driven
out, roaring.*

Pro. Go, charge my goblins that they grind their
joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make
them,

Than pard, or cat o' mountain. *[Roaring within.]*

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour,
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little,
Follow, and do me service. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE, before the Cell.

Enter Prospero, in his magic Robes, and Ariel.

Pro. NOW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my spirits obey,
and time

Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said, our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,

When first I rais'd the tempest; say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd

In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, all prisoners, Sir,
In the Lime-Grove which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old Lord Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works
'em,

That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling,
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th'
quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury,
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther; go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves,

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green soursinglets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pas-
time

Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solema curfew; by whose aid,
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds;
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault,
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and risted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth,
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heav'nly music, which e'en now I do,
(To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for,) I'll break my staff;
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth;
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

[*Solemn music.*]

*Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso, Gonzalo, Se-
bastian, Anthonio, Francisco. They all enter the
Circle which Prospero had made, and there stand
charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks.*

There stand,

For you are spell-stopt.—

Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, e'en sociable to th' shew of thine,
Fall fellow drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And, as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle

Their clearer reason.—Sir—Most cruelly
Diddst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother, was a furtherer in this act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and
blood,

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me my hat and rapier in my cell;
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime, Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free. [*Prospero goes in.*]

Ariel sings.

*Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back do I fly,
After sun-set, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Enter Prospero, dressed.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel; I shall miss
But yet thou shalt have freedom. [*thee;*]
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep,
Under the hatches; the master and boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pry thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amaze-
ment,

Inhabit here; some heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body.

Alon. Be't thou he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story:
Thy dukedom I resign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how should Pros-
per be living, and be here? [*pero*]

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o'th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all.
For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults, all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be't Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who, three hours since,
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have left
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss!

Pro. As great to me; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O, Heav'n! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoever you have
Been jumbled from your senses, know, for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreckt, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Besitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

SCENE opens to the Entrance of the Cell.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
playing at Chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
And I would call it fair play. [wrangle.]

Alon. If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:

I've curs'd them without cause. [Ferd. kneels.]

Alon. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father, compass thee about!

Arise, and say how thou cam'st here?

Mira. O! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!

How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am her's;

But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I

Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, Sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gen. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke, ere this. Look down, you
And on this couple drop a blessed crown; [gods,
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, amen, Gonzalo!

Give me your hands:

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

Gen. Be't so, amen!

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
Not an oath on shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave our split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
then,

From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead asleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches;
Where but e'en now, with strange and several noises,
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty;
Where we, all in her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
E'en in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence; thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business, more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,

Do not infect your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure,
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;
Set Caliban and his companions free:

Untie the spell.—How fares my gracious Sir?

There are yet missing of your company

Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo, in their stolen Apparel.

Step. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.
Coragio, bully-maister, Coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies, which I wear in my
head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O, Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say, if they be true: this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs.
These three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them,
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they

Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones:
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Step. O, touch me not: I am not Stephano,
but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be king o'th' isle, sirrah?

Step. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape: go, sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wife hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to Naples;
Where I have hope to see the nuptials,
Of these our dear beloved, solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off—My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge: 'Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



